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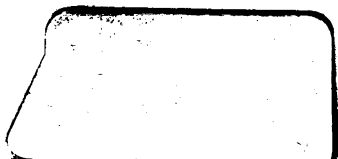
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*Over the Bridge
and other Poems*

Ella M. Truesdell



1944

THURSDAY

1944

OVER THE BRIDGE

AND OTHER POEMS

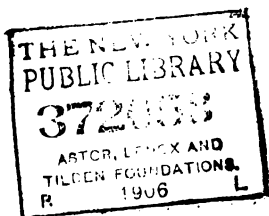
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OVER THE BRIDGE

Over the bridge, I'm trudging on,
All uncertain of fate,
Knowing not what of duty, care,
Sorrow or joy doth wait.

Over the bridge, while the waters 'neath,
Sing on in sweet content,
Of a land, that is all unknown, as yet,
Undiscovered continent.

Over the bridge, I can but go,
Though oft with laggard step,
For I must see the world beyond,
Though the bridge o'er waters deep.

Over the bridge must others go,
On their accustomed way,
Not knowing what will come of the night,
Or what will come of the day!

Over the bridge! see, flowers bloom,
Ah! there is an emerald dell,
And a robin sings his cheery glad,
You too, hear silvery bell!

Over the bridge, they pass and pass,
Merry youth, and too, the old,
Each with a dream of love or fame,
Some with a scheme of gold.

Over the bridge with a sigh or laugh,
It may be a sob or song,
Over the bridge from day to day,
Thro' the spring and summer long.

Over the bridge till the autumn-tide,
Doth bring its shower of leaves,
And the farmer gathers his fruit and grain,
Fills his barn with garnered sheaves.

Over the bridge, while the daisies nod,
To them, as they forward go,
Over the bridge in the rain-drops hum,
In winter's starry flakes of snow.

Over the bridge, some scatter bloom,
Let fall some withered flower,
Some rose that has but told its tale,
Of summer's favored hour.

Some violet that droops, in blue,
Or lily's soiled white,
A morning-glory, in its pride,
Some blooms that once were bright.

Over the bridge, they chatter too,
The merry, girls and boys;
Unheeding now the flow of stream,
Or near discordant noise.

Over the bridge, some tiny elfs,
Do trip, trip on each morn,
The little ones who wonder oft,
To what in life, they're born.

Over the bridge, a dark cloud lowers,
And oh! the thunder's boom,
The lightning's play, would we were o'er,
Were out this purple gloom.

Over the bridge, while golden-rod,
Doth make a palace by,
The asters twinkle too like stars,
In purple fairness nigh.

Here, sedges of the cat-tails brown,
And lily-grasses green,
Make the woodland world, that we love best,
While great trees toward us lean.

Over the bridge, till the day-light goes,
And over the bridge, at eve,
In Luna's white, and in star-light e'er,
While the wind doth sing or grieve.

Over the bridge in the morning's rose,
Or in the noon-tide's blue,
When the sun-set's crimson floods the west,
When fall first gems of dew.

Over the bridge, when the wild-bird trills,
Its matin or vesper near,
When all the world has said "Good Night,"
Or calls the chanticleer.

Over the bridge, to meet a friend,
Or may be pass a foe;
Over the bridge thro' years and years,
Thus, the many go.

Over the bridge, to sing a song,
Or to tell a tale,
To speak a word, that will help some one,
In morn's gold or ev'ng pale.

Over the bridge, to do or dare,
Over the bridge to try,
Over the bridge to conquer oft,
To be defeated, die.

Over the bridge, while some rose is sweet,
That we must leave awhile,
The home, where father, mother dwells,
The wife, our loved one's smile.

Over the bridge to toil and plan,
To work for weal or woe,
To destroy, to alter or to build,
Thus over the bridge, we go.

Over the bridge, while hills beckon,
As if to say, "Do come,"
Over the bridge to leave our kin,
Over the bridge, come home.

Over the bridge, with no thought of ill,
Perhaps, borrowing trouble,
While the waters answer with placid smile,
Or with a white-foam bubble.

Over the bridge, when March winds howl,
When April showers make cleaner,
When hay has dropped from some wagon's
freight,
We almost need a gleaner.

Over the bridge, when the May-flowers bloom,
And the crocus is yellow in garden,
Over the bridge when the day grows warm,
Roads seem to grow smooth, harden.

Over the bridge, when the June is here,
Roses wreath all, red glowing,
The pinks and pansies too are sweet,
Over the bridge coming, going.

Over the bridge, which the rainbow meets,
With its colored arch in summer;
A promise glad to all who cross,
Whether old or some new-comer.

Over the bridge, passing slow or swift,
With light or heavy burden,
We must pass o'er, and we must press on,
As if to find some guerdon.

Over the bridge must pass with care,
If we hear some teamster's voice;
Over the bridge, safely to-day,
In your safety, rejoice.

Over the bridge must the surging tide
Of mortals pass to and fro;
But, each may make it way to Heaven,
With His angel may come and go.

For life is but a bridge to cross,
Waters to other side,
The minarets show very fair,
Of city where we'll bide.

WINTER'S FACES

Winter has a spring-like face,
When you see her blue;
For her skies are changing,
Though to chill winds true.

Winter turns a sunned cheek,
When you see her gold;
But her lilies are in frost,
No rose her fingers hold.

Winter waves an Autumn flag,
All in sober brown;
For her winds, this standard move,
While first flakes come down.

Winter links with seasons three,
Still she has her way;
And most often wears a frown,
Looketh stern and gray.

STEPS

From spring to spring,
A stair-way of green;
From summer to summer,
Steps of roses between.

From autumn to autumn,
Mount on rain-bowed leaves;
And winter to winter,
Steps of snow, after sheaves.

In life, hope's emerald
May gleam thro' the years;
Joy's roses blooming
After sighs and tears.

Rainbow leaves of vision,
After fading rose;
Fair dreams of Heaven,
In, between chill snows,

Of old age and sorrow,
So life speedeth on,
As seasons swift changing,
From shade to bright sun.

DEATH LOVES ALL SEASONS

One dies in the Summer,
When brightest roses bloom;
And friends for love, with roses,
Sweet roses, deck the tomb.

One dies in the Autumn,
When first the winds blow chill;
The leaves all gold and crimson,
Cover the graves on hill.

One dies in the Winter,
When all like a wreath in white,
Flakes as pure as lettered marble,
All things like the dead, so white.

One dies in the Spring time,
When all the world is fair;
When the resurrection promise
"He is risen," fills the air.

"THE WIND THROUGH THE PINE
TREES"

Do you hear the wind sigh in summer,
Through the pine trees green and tall;
Above the bright June roses,
When the birds so blithely call?
Do you hear the wind then sighing,
Though the sky so cloudless, blue?
All is radiant in sunshine,
All white in the morning dew.

Do you hear the wind through the pine trees,
Do you hear their sad, sad moan?
As though all earth were grieving,
O'er the wrongs that none would own.
O'er the wrongs that ne'er were righted,
O'er the wrongs that none would see;
For this, in spite of earth's summer,
The trees sigh so mournfully.

Do you hear the wind now crying,
Through the pine boughs waving so green,
O'er a grave still greener,
As though they all sadness mean?
While in memory droops the willow,
And flowers bloom for our love;
Oh the wind doth cry, as if seeking,
Some answer from One above.

Do you hear the wind as it mourneth,
When the ground with snow is white?
O'er lost hopes, it sigheth,
For vanished Spring, the summer's flight.
It sigheth, sigheth, ah, so vainly,

For earth's hopes like fading flowers,
While the green doth say, "Look Upward,"
"Hope ye," see Heaven's bowers.

Do you hear the pine trees murmur,
Sigh on, as in loneliness;
Crying, some homes remember,
Take God's gifts there to bless.
Pass on, some little favor,
To help in the home of need;
They plead for the widowed and orphaned,
For those who are sad indeed.

The pine trees cry in the shadows,
As the wind comes to the trees;
They moan in the sunlight often,
In the kiss of the passing breeze.
And we see the bright stars through them,
In winter's gray of night,
These stars when we hear the chiming,
Of Christmas bells left and right.

The wind is the cry of the children,
For you and I now to hear;
To bring them some Christmas token,
To bring them joy, good cheer.
The wind can only sigh it,
And you and I thus divine,
What is in the heart of greenness,
What hid in the tall, old pine.

There are ghosts that flit in the weirdness,
In the blackness, all around;
There are ghosts that people the shadows,
When night's realms all have bound.

The friends we have lost forever,
Or out of our lives, long years,
We meet when the pine tree sigheth,
With a sadness too deep for tears.

Do you hear the pine trees sighing,
They sigh for lover and loved;
For the bridge of absence moving,
For the river of death have moved.
In the wind that makes them echo,
All the yearnings of some heart,
Ah! they sigh for lover and loved,
For those whom fate keeps apart.

Do you hear the pine trees sighing?
They sigh for an Eden lost;
They sigh for Earth's sins and follies,
Sigh for the tears of the angel-host.
They wave, they wave the sad story
Of Arcadia, once so glad;
For happy homes they're waving,
Ah! this makes the wind so sad.

The pine tree lifts arms to Heaven,
Just look, how it meets the skies;
Like Jacob's ladder rising,
In spite of its long-drawn sighs.
All life's trials are but emerald roundings,
Where Angels go and come,
While at the top stands the Christ-man,
To tenderly welcome home.

Oh the pine tree is the emblem,
Of a glad new year to you;
As it stretches its green arms upward,
Up to Heaven, our own blue.

Though it may sigh for Earth's sadness,
And for coming sorrow moan;
Lost hopes will in Heaven blossom,
For all lack on earth atone.

Through Spring and Summer, Fall, Winter,
The sweet incense of the tree;
Doth rise, doth rise to Heaven,
On wings of the air, so free.
The wind through the pine tree beareth,
A balm from its needles green,
As prayer helps the soul to carry,
Its burdens in peace serene.

Ah! the birds that flit in the pine tree,
Sing our praises to God above;
For the God who ever ruleth,
Is ever a God of love.
All sorrow has its meaning,
Its mystical meaning sweet;
As the wind waves its green of banner,
Though oft with a sigh doth greet.

"THE LITTLE CHINA BOY"

He smileth in my trouble,
My little angel-boy;
As dear as though quite real,
Though he's but a china toy.

He smiles upon my mantel,
Through dark November days;
All through the day-time, night-time,
As some song birds do praise.

He smiles upon my mantel,
Boy, wreathed in china flowers;
Forget-me-nots, the bluest,
And pink, too, through the hours.

The hours of life are brightened,
By toy that seems so real;
Good fairy in its evil,
Of heavenly life, ideal.

He stands for youth's bright blossoms,
Just like a budding rose;
Like lily of pure whiteness,
As time's stream downward flows.

No mischief gleams from blue eyes,
Ne'er tangled golden hair;
My china boy, the fairest,
Doth ever bright wreath wear.

A little vase supports him,
He holds the wreath, pink, blue,
As if to say, "Be loving,"
"Be ever kind and true."

He never can be naughty,
But always must be true;
Of boy and angel dream we,
Of God's dear mansions new.

He never can be tempted,
Can never break a heart;
He's mine, he's mine forever,
Till I with this world part.

AH! WHEN IS LOVE'S BLOSSOM FAIREST?

Ah! when is love's blossom fairest,
When it blooms afar in gold,
Whitened by dews of morning,
Lovely in spring's first mold.

Ah! when is love's blossom fairest,
When in drawing near to gaze,
We vow to win and wear it,
To brighten all earth's days?

Ah! when is love's blossom fairest,
When we have plucked at last,
Dreaming of radiant future,
Because of a sun-bright past?

Ah! when is love's blossom fairest,
Only the fond heart knows,
From whom, death's rude hand snatches,
After years — its blooming rose.

Ah! yes, 'tis fairest in sorrow,
When the earth-light all is gone;
With the bloom that time has added,
In dew of Heaven's morn.

A VALENTINE IN JUNE

Sweetly the birds sang unto me,
The brooklet's voice was too, all glee,
The robin called, "Cheeree, Cheeree."
It was the sweet June-time,
When all things seem to rhyme!

The roses by my path were red,
The lilies were to gold hearts wed,
Pinks crimson all my foot-steps led.
It was the sweet June-time,
When joy-bells with all chime!

The daisies fringed the brooklet's way,
So innocent and pure, that day,
One lilac-bough of merrie May.
It was the sweet June-time,
When all things seem to rhyme!

I passed a little silver stream
Where forget-me-nots did azure gleam,
This seemed indeed a happy dream.
It was the sweet June-time,
When joy-bells with all chime!

My path was emerald in the shade,
With gems of sun-beams oft inlaid,
As I my way o'er grasses made.
It was the sweet June-time,
When all things seem to rhyme!

A briar-rose the pinkest known,
In mossy nook; near pine-tree lone,
Its blushes did for grief atone.
It was the sweet June-time,
Was ever snow or rime?

A seat for two in this fair nook,
The blue above like Faith's true book,
For valentine, not far to look.
It was the sweet June-time,
When brooks and flowers rhyme!

A face had smiled in shade and sun,
The bees I heard in merry hum,
My way clovered as hours run.
 It was the sweet June-time,
 When brooks, birds, bees all rhyme!

A bird did sing so blithesome, here,
The dove of peace was brooding near,
My valentine, two hearts so dear.
 It was the sweet June-time,
 When skies with all do rhyme!

Roses and daisies meant all joy,
The pinks a love, without alloy,
Naught could indeed this bliss destroy.
 It was the sweet June-time,
 When we to Heaven climb!

APRIL'S CRYING ALL THE TIME

April's crying all the time,
 'Cause, her stay is brief;
She can only bring first flowers,
 Scarce can see green leaf.

April's crying all the time,
 For earth's barren ways,
Now and then, she smiles, 'tis true,
 Dreams of better days.

April's crying all the time,
 But her tears make brook,
Flow and sing so lively, now,
 If you will, but look.

April's crying all the time,
But her tears mean joy,
Just as happy, as her smiles,
No fears need annoy.

April's crying all the time,
But you need not mind,
For each month must have its cry,
Its sighs borne on wind.

April's crying all the time,
But, 'tis partly play,
All her smiles too, just in fun,
But, 'tis April's way!

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND

There is a happy land,
Where naught can jar or fret,
In dreams it seems so fair,
'Tis undiscovered yet!

There is a happy land,
That waits all pilgrims here,
We're traveling to it fast,
In sun, or shade so drear!

There is a happy land,
It may be 'bove the skies,
Its green enchants my gaze,
Its blue doth, too, surprise!

There is a happy land,
Where none may sigh or weep,
No foe can enter there,
God, angels charge do keep!

There is a happy land,
'Tis over death's dark stream,
Our boats will soon touch shore,
See lights of city gleam!

IN THE STREETS OF LAUGHING TOWN

The world is gay and fair,
For many a flower blooms there,
Which strollers all do share,
In the streets of laughing town!

There is no night, all day,
There sun-beams light alway,
While work seems more like play,
In the streets of laughing town!

All burdens fall to earth,
Plucking the blooms of mirth,
Here joy has daily birth,
In the streets of laughing town!

Good fellowship they know,
Live more for good, than show,
Truth's flowers here do blow,
In the streets of laughing town!

Care's skeleton must hide,
If you here long abide,
Shaking from side to side,
In the streets of laughing town!

The dwellers all grow fat,
Laughing at this and that,
At jokes that seem so pat,
In the streets of laughing town!

The queerness of the place,
Comes to you, face to face,
Yet for trials, added grace,
In the streets of laughing town!

THE GRAYNESS OF THE DAY

Not time for star-light's silver,
While sun has hid away,
We miss all greenness, blooming,
O grayness of the day!

We miss the joy of summer,
The gladness of the spring,
The glory of the Autumn,
Winter but flakes doth bring!

Just so in life's gray winter,
No more, the hopes of years,
Our loves so many, buried,
We look at graves thro' tears!

But through our tears, bright rainbows,
Of life beyond the sod,
No grayness there, but sunbeams,
Beauty of Heaven, God!

'TIS A VERY THOUGHTLESS WORLD

That rules the gentle with a rod,
Content to let some, always plod,
Just only to those under sod,
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

That laughs with those who laugh to-day,
Turns too with frown from some away,
That only in the church doth pray,
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

That naught can sift of seeming wrong,
Treads down the weak, lifts up the strong,
That goes with thought of passing throng,
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

That makes politeness not the rule,
Only the form, at church, or school,
No more at home, where hands are full,
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

Kindest to those who need it not,
While those who need, are oft forgot,
Helping the most, lives without blot,
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

That scarce can put itself in place,
Of some one else to right road trace,
Doth make still worse, some shame, disgrace,
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

Will try to find some fault with you,
When all your aim is good and true,
Will make out clouds, where sky is blue!
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

Will see naught rich, but in your gold,
Will only youth to goodness mold,
No wisdom find in growing old,
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

That looks to people, more than God,
Doth to the favored one e'er nod,
Says, worst of all, is being odd!
'Tis a very thoughtless world,
With love, joy scarce impearled!

A RIFT OF BLUE

A rift of blue, of sky-land,
A bonny azure bit,
That minds you of the blue-bells,
That does the June-days fit.

A rift of blue beams over,
A rift of blue shades stream,
It does so happy make you,
Just like a sunny gleam!

A rift of blue with sun-shine,
A rift of blue o'er snow,
It is so like the roses,
Links with their crimson glow!

A rift of blue to help one,
Go through the white, gray days,
When all the flowers are sleeping,
No more, the song-birds praise!

AN AUTUMN FLOWER

'Neath changing skies of blue and gray,
Less gold of sun than June or May,
I found smiling in woodland way,
An autumn flower!

Adding a charm to vale and hill,
Making all green seem fairer still,
Here blooming at its own sweet will,
An autumn flower!

Kissed by the breeze, it nods farewell,
For leaves and grasses in the dell,
Prophet of winter, breaks fall's spell,
An autumn flower!

Now shadowed in the stream with sky,
Doth almost bring the summer nigh,
Nodding mid green to passers-by,
An autumn flower!

For frost to blight, this blossom born,
To withered hang some autumn morn,
Of loveliness, so quickly shorn,
An autumn flower!

THE LIFE OF A DAY

Carol of bird at morn and eve,
Another's tear that makes you grieve,
The fancies that you can but weave,
Make up the life of a day!

The flower holding up its bell,
The green that moves in near-by dell,
Good news that some one hastes to tell,
Make up the life of a day!

The cloud that only floats from view,
The smile that says, your friend is true,
The hours sheathed in constant blue,
Make up the life of a day!

The kind word you have waited long,
The lines so sweet of poet's song,
Thoughts of your youth that happy throng,
Make up the life of a day!

Some burden dropped, or may be brought,
Some moment with sad, glad fate wrought,
Ah! so much in its fabric wrought,
Make up the life of a day!

AUTUMN'S GOLD

To bring again the happy time,
Our bards have sung in verse sublime,
When all, all did with goodness rhyme,
Now Autumn lights her gold,
Here, there her yellow bold!

But vainly thus doth Autumn aim,
For soon put out her golden flame,
At last, but bareness for her fame,
Can no more light her gold,
No where her yellow bold!

THE MAPLE

In the dew and sun-shine's glitter,
Silver first, then gold,
While the sky, its turquoise blending,
Doth with blueness fold!
Stands the maple in its greenness,
In the days of spring
Where the blue-birds chant their first notes,
And the robins sing.

When the sky is bluer, brighter,
On the hills, a haze,
In the summer noon-tide's golden,
Making shady ways.
Stands the maple, still in green robes,
Like a mer-maid fair,
While the scent of clover, roses,
Sweetens all the air.

In the harvest-time, the autumn,
The green robe put by,
Stands the maple orange, scarlet,
Rain-bowed to the eye;
Painted in wild streak of fancy,
By some woodland fay,
To contrast with fall skies sombre,
Cheer the darkest day.

'Mid the ice and snow of winter,
Sparkle of the frost,
Stands the maple now resplendent,
In a white robe lost, —
Like a bride in sheeny satin,
While the sleigh-bells ring
All her joy linked with the glory,
Which the seasons bring!

SWEET BYE AND BYE

"Sweet bye and bye," the children sing,
And dream of golden street,
Of pearly gate and jasper way,
Where angel-faces greet!

"Sweet bye and bye," sing maidens fair,
Of orange-blossoms think,
Of white-robing, and wedding gay,
Future, with joy link.

"Sweet bye and bye," sing lonely ones,
Whose fire-sides lack love's glow,
For vows that once were plighted here,
But Heaven will union know!

"Sweet bye and bye," the aged sing,
(For earthly visions dim,)
And beckon those, who've gone before,
This seems their sweetest hymn.

"Sweet bye and bye," the brave youth sings,
We will that ladder scale,
We'll mount up where ambition leads,
We cannot, cannot fail!

"Sweet bye and bye," the weary sing,
Of rest for them, in store,
When all life's burdens are laid by,
They reach the golden shore.

"Sweet bye and bye," the angels sing,
As world redeemed they see,
Glad reaping-time when gathered in,
In mansions fair, we'll be.

THE GOOD AND EVIL SPRITES

Some sprites stand by in gold and white,
And say, We'll be your joy, delight,
If you will harbor us to-night,
Some fancies glad for thee!

While others come in dark, dark dress,
And say, Do now, sad lot confess,
That God has failed oft you to bless,
Thus, evil thoughts for thee!

So pass the moments, till you say,
I'll make the eve as fair as day,
For stars do shine above my way,
I'll keep the good sprites near!

When vanish evil, all the brood,
Are soon displaced by fancies good,
No more do sad, sad thoughts intrude,
No more dark forms appear!

THE BUTTERFLY 'MID THE ASTERS

O butterfly 'mid asters mauve,
Thou gleamest like the sun,
Or jewel lost 'mid flow'rets wild,
Thy golden robe doth burn!

And leaving purple discs alone,
Like twilight dream; dost soar,
Above the world to maze of blue,
Like angel seen no more!

MAPLES 'ROUND A CLOVER-FIELD

There they stand guarding, guarding,
Like tall cadets in green,
'Round a field of clovers rosy,
In the sun-beam's sheen.

There they stand guarding, guarding,
All the golden day
Un-hero-like in the morning,
Shedding tears in dewy spray.

There they stand guarding, guarding,
Through the night-time chill,
Each clover a red-cheeked maiden,
Their bard, the whip-poor-will!

There they stand guarding, guarding,
Through the summer days,
Till the clover-maidens fade fast,
The birds sing farewell lays.

There they stand guarding, guarding,
Till morn's sky is red,
No rebel-hordes e'er coming,
Yet clovers fading, dead!

LITTLE SHIPS ARE SAILING OUT

Little ships are sailing out,
Whither do they trend?
Is their course for Heaven straight,
Pilot, Jesus, friend?

Little ships are sailing out,
O'er them, sky of blue,
Winds for them so gently blow,
Waft them on so true!

Little ships are sailing out,
Precious cargo bear,
May the freight be all for God,
This for them, our prayer!

Little ships are sailing out,
O, life's storms, we fear!
And we dream of white sails spread,
Often with a tear!

Little ships are sailing out,
Though we first touch shore,
May they anchor, at last, safe,
Where storms beat no more!

THE WILLOWS BY THE STREAM

With graceful droop, fair fringing o'er,
The daisied violeted shore,
Of green, what can we ask for more,
So fresh it keeps, tho' near, boughs fade,
Yet bright still gleams this favored glade,
Of willows by the stream.

They bend, as though, to waters kiss,
And not a bit of silver miss,
Dew-bright, when morning's sky red is,
And laugh the rain-drops floating down,
Each too, a jewel white to crown,
The willows by the stream!

And pinkest roses for them, blush,
Thro' noon-tide's gold, in evening's hush,
One, of the summer gifts, this bush,
Brings of its best, as watered well,
Still brighter makes this fair, green dell,
Of willows by the stream!

The birds too sing their sweetest, here,
Where all doth fresh and fair appear,
So long, unchanging garb, they wear,
Un-noted is the pine-tree's moan,
Each songster adding gayer tone,
On willows by the stream!

And pictured in the waves, below,
Each bush, each tree, each flower low,
The blue skies that above them show,
The waters sparkle to disclose,
Each new day's bloom, in emerald rows,
The willows by the stream!

THE CALL OF CHANTICLEER

With first faint pink of dawn, I hear
The shrill, shrill notes of chanticleer.
He doth his clarion now blow
When morning-glories colors show,
When flowers hold bright cups of dew,
The cock proclaims a morning new.

"Up, up, ye laggard, swift I say,
What golden hours brings the day,
What you can do, no one can tell,
Improve the passing moments well,
Up, up, ye laggard," shrill and clear,
So plainly calls the chanticleer.

"Up, up, the sky its bluest, soon,
See green around, of hope, the boon,
Up, up, to vanquish and to try,
The sun speaks triumph in the sky,
Up, up, sleep's angels all have fled,
They watch no more to night's calm wed."

"Wake, wake, ye sleepers, do and dare,
Rise, help this world to burdens share,
The daisies springing from the sod,
Speak of youth, innocence and God,
The roses of all gladness, joy,
They smile for every one — each boy."

"All, all to battle with the world,
The flag of morn so gay unfurled;
Each golden sunbeam speaks of love,
Care of our Father good above,
On, on, to toil and then to rest,
Till clouds of pink paint fair the west."

I THINK OF ROSES AS I PASS

I think of roses, as I pass,
This glowing clover field,
The pinky bloom so very like,
It sweetness too doth yield.

I think of roses, though too late,
And dream of fragrant June —
Of all the golden sunlight then,
Of cloudless blue, at noon!

I think of roses in their prime,
Old-fashioned pink ones here —
And brier rose, I picture fond
With dew-drops hanging clear.

In time of noon, I sunsets see,
In mass of clover low,
That only fade in twilight gray,
Grow bright in eve's star-glow!

At night-time, echoes glad of song,
Float as in serenade,
In memory, the night-in-gale,
With sweetness too doth aid.

FALLING LEAVES

Where do they fall, as the zephyrs knock,
At the maple's door of gold,
And cut in twain, the crimson threads,
Each sunlit purple fold.

They fall in woodland paths to rim,
The brown logs, mossy grown,
And flit like tropic birds, on stream,
They patch-work every stone.

They float on the tide, as tiny skiffs,
Near the water-lily's home,
And their crimson lanterns gleam on the trees,
As stars in eve's gray dome.

And they rock the mer-maids fair to sleep,
In their cradle of rosy gold,
While the fall-winds croon a lullaby,
And sing of the maples old.

Where do they fall, but on mother-earth,
To mingle in dust, their veins,
As their rustling note of the harvest dies,
In the beat of the autumn rains.

IN CHERRY-TIME

In cherry-time, the bee hums by,
In quest of honeyed flower,
And then the world, its fairest seems,
A green and leafy bower!

In cherry-time, the roses blush,
In a long and fragrant train,
And songs so full of summer joy,
Are tinkled by the rain.

In cherry-time, the skies are blue,
'Neath us the red-white clover,
Whose paths of sweetness wind and wind,
The hills and valleys over.

In cherry-time, the music, too,
Of childhood's laugh is blending,
With ruddy filling of the pails,
Vacation-weeks, thus spending.

In cherry-time, do lovers walk,
For this, the time for wooing,
When all the world is bright with bloom,
Roses, their petals strewing.

In cherry-time, the robins dream,
Is changed to sweet fulfilling,
He has a song, too, for the days,
A cherry-hymn he's trilling.

In cherry-time, the promise kept,
To spring made by the summer,
Red-fruited boughs in place of white
Blossoms brings the new-comer!

HOW SWEET THE ROBIN'S SONG!

'Neath skies of summer darkly blue,
To harmony of nature, true,
With morning's light, in evening's dew,
How sweet the robin's song!

Now breathing joy, surcease from care,
The fair rose-hue that life may wear,
It floateth gaily on the air,
How sweet the robin's song!

Like old-time melody to me,
Of human voice, the red-breast's glee;
As 'mid the green, it comes from tree,
How sweet the robin's song!

Like mother's prayer, or last word said,
Glad tones in dream of sainted dead,
These bird-notes echo, to days wed,
How sweet the robin's song!

Of Heaven speaking, where all bright,
No shade, no storm, no gray-skyed night,
No sorrows sadden, fears affright,
How sweet the robin's song!

ABOVE THE SNOW

Above the snow, are blue, blue skies,
An azure tint, like gem turquoise,
As if with summer, to surprise,
Above the snow!

Above the snow, bright, golden beams,
That gaily shine o'er crystal gleams,
Make air less frosty, fair as dreams,
Above the snow!

Above the snow, the crimson west,
The clouds, a way of roses pressed,
Sky in garment of ruby dressed,
Above the snow!

OUT IN THE FIELDS

Out in the fields, the skies are blue,
All days seem bright and glad and new,
Friends like the birds and flowers true!
Out in the fields!

Out in the fields, a huge bouquet,
The apple-trees pink-white to-day,
As sweet as roses of Cathay,
 Out in the fields!

Out in the fields, hear stories sweet,
Which birds, brook, breeze to flowers repeat,
Find velvet paths, too, for your feet,
 Out in the fields!

Out in the fields, blue violets low,
Gem first green ways with tiny blow,
Near dandelions yellow show,
 Out in the fields!

Out in the fields, the grasses part,
So near each clover's purple heart,
To sing of breeze, its tuneful art,
 Out in the fields!

Out in the fields, the wild birds call,
And speckled lilies red and tall,
Bloom thro' the summer days till fall,
 Out in the fields!

Out in the fields are cups of gold,
The butter-cups both bright and bold,
And daisies fair as summers old,
 Out in the fields!

Out in the fields, the asters bloom,
And golden-rod in autumn's gloom,
While maple makes a red-gold room,
 Out in the fields!

THRO' THE PINES

(From Maine to New Brunswick, 'oo.)

Thro' a way of sweetness,
Balsam winged from pine;
Thro' a way of greenness,
Type of hope Divine;
In the silent forest,
Make for prayer, a shrine.

Piney fronds are reaching,
Up, up to the blue;
Seeming witness bearing,
To the good and true;
To Eternal summer,
And a spring-time new.

Roses 'mid the greenness,
Do their blushes twine;
In between the grasses,
And o'er daisied line,
While a robin cheeries,
'Mid the ways of pine.

LIFE'S ROSES

Some I plucked, and others withered,
On the blooming tree of days;
All were sweet and pink in youth-time,
Though with roses, thorny ways.

Some I plucked, and others withered,
In the radiant May and June,
For I had not time to gather,
All before life's heated noon.

And because of wayward fancy,
E'er discerning fairer flowers,
In a vale as yet untrodden,
Looming far, life's cashmere bowers.

Some I plucked, and others withered,
For the future, mirage, gay,
Clouded oft the present's roses,
And their pink I called but gray.

Some I plucked, and others withered,
Sweetness, pinkness all unsought,
While life's way still strewn with roses,
Blooming, fading — and for naught.

IT WAS THE HAPPY JUNE

The little brook laughed out in glee,
The birds did sing of love to me,
All things did seem so glad and free,
It was the happy June!

I stepped along 'mid clovers red,
Some daisies white-fringed, just ahead,
The day did seem to joy wed,
It was the happy June!

I plucked some roses by the way,
While many more did blush so gay,
The world just now a flowery way,
It was the happy June!

The sun-beams smiled with wealth of gold,
As though of Heaven, each bright beam told,
No shade did linger, as of old,
It was the happy June!

The birds trilled on in chorus sweet,
As if they would each stranger greet,
While blue sky seemed the hills to meet,
It was the happy June!

No cloud did fleck the far-a-way,
All cheery as the wild-bird's lay,
All like the brooklet's laugh so gay,
It was the happy June!

The green trees made an emerald bower,
With warmth, light, bloom, the summer's dower,
It was indeed a favored hour,
For was it not the June?

At last a little shower did come,
The silvery drops of Love did hum,
The thunder seemed but a big drum,
As it was happy June!

The meadow-pinks had told the tale,
As breath of roses thro' the vale,
The sigh of heart borne on each gale,
For was it not the June?

Before I had my steps all trod,
The flowers all, grasses did nod,
A winged cupid did flit o'er sod,
For was it not the June?

All, all had been to me love's sign,
All was indeed so fair, Divine,
I met indeed my valentine,
For me it was love's June!

Ah! too, o'er grasses hand in hand,
Each clover seemed a fairy wand,
As they with pink, our way now spanned,
Two 'neath the skies of June!

Yes, two sped on thro' emerald bowers,
For Cupid danced among the flowers,
All seemed a type of life's bright hours!
Life and love's happy June!

WHY GOD MADE VIOLETS

His azure sky, he made, a way,
To center every sun-bright ray,
Flag of faith's blue for summer day,
And yet world would not look,
In page of nature's book.

So, in the wood, he thought, to hide,
Faith's flowers blue to sky allied,
That those who sought both far and wide,
Might find His violets,
To say, "He ne'er forgets."

ARCADIA

There is a land, 'tis e'en on earth,
Where naught but joy has its birth,
All things are taken at true worth,
'Tis called Arcadia!

There is a land where naught can die,
No roses ever withered lie,
O, happy land, for which we sigh,
That waits, Arcadia!

There is a land where streams e'er flow,
Where birds do never southward go,
A land where none can sadness know,
Dear loved Arcadia!

There is a land, where naught can blight,
Where each one metes out justice, right,
A land indeed of sweetness, light,
Hoped for Arcadia!

There is a land where all is gold,
All precious is, has wealth untold,
All marry well, and none grow old,
The famed Arcadia!

The land where all are good, none scorn,
None grow unhappy, none forlorn,
They ne'er know night, 'tis ever morn,
Best land, Arcadia!

There is a land, that's ever green,
No storms do come, sky blue, serene,
You all can think, the land I mean,
Blissful Arcadia!

There is a land, where lovers meet,
Where parents, children fondly greet,
Ne'er found on earth, above fair, sweet,
There, our Arcadia!

The Beulah-land where God doth dwell,
Of all its brightness, who can tell,
An Arcady we'll love so well,
Our dreamed Arcadia!

Where eye can never dim with tear,
Or heart grow faint with doubt or fear;
But symbols, shadows have we here,
For lost Arcadia!

Unchanging land, where youth is ours,
Where all can pluck the fairest flowers,
No frost of time — yea, Heaven's bowers,
Regained Arcadia!

BANNERS OF AUTUMN

O lovely shades of Titian's red,
Here with the green, of brightness, thread,
As though some flower, its bloom had shed,
On other leaf!

Gold mixed with crimson, too, we find,
Gay banners in the autumn wind,
With foreign flags our way is lined,
Nations in grief!

Stripped of their colors, all returned,
The pennons that by wayside burned,
Too much of help, they may have spurned,
Wave neutral browns!

We sigh for autumn's glory lost,
As though of stars a sparkling host,
Upon the stream it may be tost,
Or late bloom crowns!

WINTER'S SPARKLING WHITENESS

For lack of sunbeams golden,
Flowers, that no more blow,
For ways of green, now barren,
Atones the sparkling snow,

Though fair of face, like lily.
Or like some pure rose,
Ever its rarest beauty,
Sparkle, like stream that flows.

Whiteness, that comes with winter,
All foulness covers round,
The flakes, all tiny, dainty,
Diamonds, the brightest found.

Who can but love the snow-time,
The blossoming of flake,
That makes a world so charming,
Doth song of sleigh-bells wake!

Stars floating thro' the grayness,
To make the earth like sky,
The gems that clouds do scatter,
Jewels that 'neath feet lie!

The glory of the winter,
This white that glitters so
Like marble and like silver,
With pearls, our frost and snow!

Rainbows of summer hover
About our winter world,
When sunbeams make translucent,
Banner of tints unfurled!

Close into fireside pleasures
The little flakes that come,
And bank like long-lost daisies
The palace of each home!

Like shining waves of water,
Like stars and flowers and green,
With all life's bustle, worry,
We scarce regard their sheen!

THE LITTLE BROOK SINGS ON

With mirthful voice, o'er pebbles gray,
In sunshine's gold, and raindrop's play,
Thro' hours of spring and summer's day,
The little brook sings on!

Though asters pale and fade near by,
The old pine in the breeze doth sigh,
And maple leaves in pathway lie,
The little brook sings on!

A song of summer, tho' 'tis fall,
And clouds o'erhang like dark, dark pall,
The moss that's green, like spring-time, all,
The little brook sings on!

Bright roses no more shadowed there,
Or violets, with faces fair,
But golden-rod in its glee share,
The little brook sings on!

With wonted dance comes down the hill,
Only the frost its flow can still,
It laugheth yet with joyous will,
The little brook sings on!

Tho' birds in turn have good byes said,
Tho' chill days have for silence plead,
To making happy 'tis so wed,
The little brook sings on!

GLIMPSE OF GREEN AND GOLD

Each day a glimpse of green and gold,
As sunbeams play with shadows bold,
Among the trees, so fair, and old.

Each day the summer's glory waits,
For sun has opened golden gates,
With each fair thing of summer mates.

The blue doth bend to kiss the trees,
The green and gold doth wave in breeze,
Above the clovered, daisied leas.

O green and gold, now summer's throne,
You are, indeed, my very own,
For God's own face in thee is shown.

O green and gold, reveal to me,
All that you mean, in flowered lea,
Or bending sky above I see.

For, green and gold, you come so near,
I have not room for sigh or tear,
Nor hearken now to voice of fear.

O Summer's sun that gilds the day,
And scatters joy about my way,
An emblem thou to Whom we pray.

KEEP ON SMILING

Keep on smiling, long as sun-beams
Fall to earth, make way of gold;
Long as flowers hold up bright cups
'Mid the meadows grasses bold!

Keep on smiling, long as blue sky
'Bove each hill and vale doth gleam;
Meets the green trees as they look up;
Is reflected in the stream.

Keep on smiling, long as song-birds
Come in June, with all their glee;
Long as roses blush from door-way,
To the winds give fragrance free.

Keep on smiling, for this old world
Will be righted after a while;
All things link with nature's brightness,
All still fairer than her smile!

TWILIGHT

Like some Quaker maiden,
Doth the twilight come,
Clad in gray-like silver
From the sky, her home.

Pensive, quiet waiteth,
By the dreamer's side,
But an hour she bideth,
Can no longer bide.

Shadows thicken, blacken,
So she doth haste by,
She would willing linger,
With the hosts in sky.

With her first, glad coming,
She a star did place,
All in friendly converse,
Meeting face to face.

Star for past's bright glory,
Star for present light,
For a future gleaming,
The first star of night.

THE GREEN OLD PINE

Now waving 'neath the blue sky,
Now waving 'neath the gray;
The green old pine stands fairest,
Of all the trees to-day!

The green old pine where wild birds
Sing songs of summer, sweet,
The green old pine where snowflakes
Bare boughs of winter greet.

The green old pine where snowflakes
Wrap all things in their white;
The green old pine stands fair, now,
In sun, cloud or moonlight.

The green old pine, an emblem
Of hope, eternal spring,

The tree that knows no winter,
Still doth its emerald bring!

The green old pine, a banner
To wave in storm or sun,
To say, "No day is ended,
The years have just begun."

JUNE,
AH! WHO WILL FAIL TO WELCOME
HER

Ah! who will fail to welcome her,
A flower-maid from far Cashmere,
And singing as she trips along,
With birds to join in sweetest song.
And scat'ring sunbeams as she goes,
So many smiles with one bright rose,
O fair, bloom-laden June!

Ah! who will fail to welcome her?
Whoever does will sadly err;
For skies grow bluer overhead
Because she's passing, and her tread
Brings emerald grasses o'er and o'er;
As bright she is, as days of yore,
O merry, happy June!

Ah! who will fail to welcome her,
The air with kisses all astir,
Pledges of love, the fragrance sweet,
With each bright rose she drops at feet,
And all her joy the rain-bells chant,
Who knoweth June, cannot know want.
O fragrant, gifted June!

Ah! who will fail to welcome her,
Is never loved or lover;
E'en saddened ones oft joyful greet,
And take her roses as they meet,
Exchanging burdens with her flowers
Find Heaven new amid her bowers,
O kind, joy-bringing June!

FORGET THE JOY THAT ONCE WAS YOURS

Forget the joy that once was yours,
When time did on you smile,
When happiness would clasp your hand,
Nor let you go the while.

Forget the goddess love who becked,
And held a thousand flowers,
To wreath you for the days to come,
Fair make for future hours.

Forget the fairies that did come,
With some new fortune, then,
As though good-luck had been but hid,
In woodland cave or glen.

Forget the joys that said "good morn,"
"Good day" and glad "new year,"
As though no cloud could darken sun,
And naught could bring a tear.

Forget it all, yes, love's bright wreath,
And all life's dearest charms,
Forget it in the Christ who calls,
To you with welcoming arms.

THE BRIERS

No matter friend, how bright the way,
Fountains may e'er in sunlight play,
Skies smile on you of June or May,
Yet you must find the briers!

You may have loving friends with you,
Who promise to be ever true,
Yet trudging on 'neath skies of blue,
You'll surely find the briers!

You may have gifts at every hand,
As though it was your father land,
E'en singing by an angel band,
And yet you must find briers!

Though flowers nod to you and smile,
At morn, at noon, at eve, the while,
Thro' all your years they do beguile,
Still with them, you find briers!

From earth to Heaven, no way, my friend,
That you or others seek to wend,
But what you'll find hath thorny trend,
You cannot miss the briers!

AH! WHERE IS FANCY NOW?

One walked with me, like angel-child,
So sweet and lovely, though oft wild,
Yet age has far my friend beguiled —
I scarce do know her now!

One supped with me, both early, late,
At every shrine, too, seemed to wait,
But ah! alas for human fate,
I scarce do meet her now!

One whispered of the fairest things,
Of the green wood, of summers, springs,
Of beauty that to earth e'er clings,
Though almost silent now!

One said, "That youth was strong and bold,
And empire over all would hold,
He could, this world to wishes mould,"
That voice, submissive now!

One reared some castles, most divine,
One sang to me in metred line,
One quaffed with me, life's reddest wine,
Ah! where is fancy now?

One walks apart, as though no friend,
Doth rarely nature's voice now blend,
With other tones that life doth lend,
Scarce heard is fancy now!

THE GOLDEN MONTH

Which is the golden month of year?
Is it the happy June,
When all the way is red with rose,
Birds sing in glad attune?

Or is it when the Christmas lights
Shed gold upon our way,
The angel-songs are heard on earth,
As on the natal day?

It may be when the new year breaks,
With gold and rose of sky,
Each one some resolutions pens,
For better life doth sigh.

Each month is golden in its way,
But one doth drop its gold,
When wind doth sing through leafy trees,
It is October bold!

Who offers brightness to each one,
A gay leaf where the brook
Doth bubble on its way with joy,
Or in some clover nook.

Doth make a palace of the wood, —
All fringed with golden-rod,
The curtains that it hangs about,
Where purple asters nod,

And daisies keep their white watch still,
Just looking up to sky,
To thank the Lord for fall's glad smile,
For all this glory nigh.

THE FROSTED BOUGHS

Not green with spring-time's promise,
Not orchards' blossomed trees,
Or red and gold of autumn,
Which burdens favored breeze,
But frosted boughs!

Like dripping mosses cling they,
The fine, white threads in air,
In sun-glow, silvery, sparkle,
The robes of winter wear, —
The frosted boughs!

Pureness of snow revealing,
Without her crystals here,
No stars but in the grayness,
That hangeth curtain drear,
O'er frosted boughs!

IN MARCH BELLS RING FOR SPRING

In March, bells ring for Spring,
Although they ring so low,
That you can scarcely hear them,
For muffled by the snow,
That sparkles yet in wood.

In March, bells ring for Spring,
Though lost in wind's hoarse tones,
You cannot hear their gladness,
Yet, robin's note atones,
His ever "cheery" mood.

In March, bells ring for Spring,
Ring, too, for summer's hour,
Above the buds expanding,
Above the first, frail flower,
March bells ring merry, chime!

In March, the sweetest bells,
If we could list their joy,
Instead down chimneys roar,
The winds that so annoy,
And bring back winter's clime.

THE WEATHER

Is it warm or is it cold,
Is there blue and sunshine's gold,
Gray of sky with gray of wold?
It all depends on weather.

Do you meet a smile or frown,
Find the trees all green or brown,
Is it dull or gay in town?
It all depends on weather.

What you wear and what you eat,
Whom you welcome, fail to meet,
Whether quick or lagging feet,
All depends on weather.

Doth it rain or doth it snow,
Doth it hail, do March winds blow,
It has often been just so,
It all depends on weather!

Winter scarce can drop a rose,
Summer rarely has her snows,
With each season fancy goes,
Not all depends on weather!

JANUARY

Fern and rose on every pane,
Hemlock wood and country lane,
Jack Frost to be artist, fain,
In January!

Welcome, New Year, tho' winds chill,
Sway the leafless boughs on hill,
Frost and snow both have their will,
In January!

Crystal pond, and white path by,
Sparkle, pureness, ever nigh,
Earth and isle, snowbound to eye,
In January!

Merry ring of bells o'er snow,
Thro' the day and eve's star-glow,
City lights, so brightly show,
In January!

Gray of sky and barren tree,
Not a bloom upon the lea.
Still the sparrows, children's glee,
In January!

THE DAYS

Above the evening's starry skies,
Translucent blue of noon;
The pink that makes the morning fair,
Are gathered there, a boon;

The days of years to mortals given,
In bright and dark array,
From New Year's with its bare trees, snow,
To last December day.

And one by one they're sent to earth,
With heaven's light of gold,
God's seal, as seasons four swift bring
The morns to us unrolled.
From spring-time's green to autumn's brown,
And winter's chill, gray days,
The angels sing at each day's birth,
And echo, too, the praise.

The earthward days — but heaven-born,
Each cometh with a smile,
With blessings white if we improve,
For good are sent — the while,
When done with earth, do upward go,
Each to its tale told o'er,
There, added to the Book of Years,
Of all days gone before.

And bright and dark the days there stay,
Those lived on earth with new;
The rose of time, the badge they wear,
Once white with heaven's dew;
But fresher sparkle days unsent,
In veil of silv'ry mist,
As gaze we thro' the portals fair,
Jasper and amethyst.

They ask of us a whiter page,
When they have left that band,
A nearer living to the Christ,
In sight of Beulah land;

An added glory ask these days,
We have not lived as yet,
Now gleaming thro' the rainbow walls,
Red, yellow, violet.

I CAME FROM EDEN'S GARDEN

WINTER

I came from Eden's garden,
Where tempter with smooth phrase,
Deceived the lovely woman,
Made walk in sin's dark ways,
Our first parents, so truly,
Did take from them all good,
Only as God forgiving,
Did die on Holy Rood.

I came from Eden's garden,
When first dropped roses fair;
The flowers in their season,
All life was wanting there
Only as Christ supplied it,
Did water all the plain,
One more made hills their greenest,
Made blue skies come again.

I am a breath from Eden,
First gray days came there, chill,
The rivers lost their silver,
The snow made white, each hill,
The trees bereft of greenness,
Only one flower did bloom,
The snow-drop 'mid the bleakness,
Promise o'er winter's tomb.

I tarry till bright Heaven,
Comes down to bless the world ;
Now war 'twixt men and angels,
Then flag of peace unfurled,
I tarry with my darkness,
Till resurrection day,
Then bluest sky with sunlight,
Now ev'ry flower, I slay.

I WALKED IN THORNY WAYS

I walked in thorny ways alone,
The briers hurt my feet,
And roses seemed to blush in scorn,
When they did brightly greet.

Their sweetness too did pass me by,
For others plucked the flowers,
The birds too sung for other hearts,
Though green their native bowers.

I said, "Why do I miss all this,
Is it because alone?
If some one tripped along with me,
It would for loss atone.

"And would I not have roses all,
Flowers of joy, each one,
Would not the world seem blent with blue,
With gold of each day's sun?"

I reasoned thus, and tempted fate,
My true love came to me,
Two walked the thorny way of life,
Fulfilled my destiny!

But oh! the thorns more sorely pressed,
My roses withered fast;
The way more thickly strewn with briers,
For two, than in my past.

I had not gathered blooms at will,
I lacked the grace of heart,
To only mind the pleasant things,
Knew not the living art.

The briers and thorns more sorely wound,
The restless one and sad;
Just think they stand for roses all,
And so be ever glad.

IN HER WATER-PROOF

In gossamer, she trips along,
One of the city's motley throng,
Now beating time to rain drops' song,
In her water-proof!

Just like a cloud, she floateth on,
In blue or gray or black, while sun
Doth no more shine, the sky doth shun —
In her water-proof!

She doth not mind the storm, not she,
This rosy maiden in her glee,
Sees jewels sparkling from each tree,
In her water-proof!

She's bright as any April flower,
The rain is but a silv'ry dower,
And all the world is one fair bower,
In her water-proof!

She dreameth of to-morrow's rose,
For beauty, bloom from each drop flows,
To maiden brave who onward goes,
In her water-proof!

She thinks of ships that sail away,
For winds and waters seem to play,
She calleth this a gala day,
In her water-proof!

She's happy when the sun comes out,
Dispersing clouds of grey en route,
Doth o'er bright tints of rainbow shout,
In her water-proof!

I LOVE THE BRIGHT JUNE DAYS

I love the bright June days.
These days of green and song,
When all my world is fair,
They cannot be too long.

I love the bright June days,
When roses blush by way,
So red and sweet for me,
They cannot be too gay.

I love the bright June days,
When pinks so dainty greet,
Too many never bloom,
They cannot be too sweet.

I love the bright June days,
When all is spanned with blue;
Who ever tires of it,
Of bounding azure view!

I love the bright June days,
Sing on your notes, O brook,
Laugh merrily and dance,
Be silver where I look.

I love the bright June days,
Each sunbeam's radiant gold,
That vies with bird and flower,
To earth in glory fold.

I love the bright June days,
Which do step out from skies,
To show the Eden lost,
Our waiting paradise.

TAUNT NOT THE OLD

Taunt not the old with being old,—
With bright years, they have lost
Youth's halo that has gone with time,
Passed with the years, a host!

Taunt not the old with being old,—
But hallow all their way,
With kind remembrance of the good
They have done in their day!

Taunt not the old with being old,
Because each soul lives on
Upon the other, brighter side
When they their crowns have won!

Taunt not the old with being old ;
Instead, do much revere
For all the years they have lived well,
Through many a smile and tear !

Taunt not the old for being old ;
They have made for us our world,
For our homes made the peace and joy
The flag of hope, unfurled !

Taunt not the old with being old, —
Their past, our present made ;
We are rewarded for their toil,
By part that each have played !

Taunt not the old with being old, —
Some still know fair, sweet dreams,
While life may bring its best to them,
And, nearer, Heaven gleams !

APRIL

April, blue-eyed, smiling,
And with golden hair ;
Now her charms all hidden
By her sullen air ;
Veil of anger clouding
Her bright youthful face,
Ringlets too displacing —
Thus with moods she plays.

One moment an angel,
Next an evil sprite ;
Now she helps to cheer us,
Now with scowls to fright.

Making all her friends foes,
As she smiles on each,
And with frown quick follows —
Thus doth practice, preach.

Bringing hope of summer
By her smiles so free,
Spring's fair daughter trips on
Sobs alternately.
Oft showers with tear-drops,
In her sudden grief,
Till we scold a little,
Glad her stay is brief.

Fail we to believe
Her sorrow is true,
Or her joy real, though
She makes much ado.
Fickle, fickle April!
Yet a fairy good,
Making ways now greener,
Spite of changing mood ;

By her wand, too, pinker
May-flowers in the glade,
Violets dyed azure
In the deep wood's shade.
Whitening fast the orchards,
On each tree a wreath ;
Setting daisies white-gold
In the velvet 'neath ;

Calling back the wild-birds,
With their warble sweet ;
Melting fast the brook's ice,
That its laugh may greet.

Envy we her mission,
If we only could
Make the world too brighter,
Though misunderstood.

NATURE WEARS GOLDEN SMILES

Nature wears golden smiles, —
See, sun-shine o'er bare ways;
Though lost the green of spring,
A glimpse of Junes and Mays.

Nature wears golden smiles, —
Bright thoughts of joy and home
Come with her sunny gleam,
Though you through dead leaves roam.

Nature wears golden smiles, —
A dream of gold with gray,
Lights that with shadows strive,
Almost like April play.

Nature wears golden smiles, —
Though many flowers sleep,
Their fairness, sweetness, still
In mind, these beams do keep.

Nature wears golden smiles, —
For link the seasons all,
Though leaves must in time fade,
And songsters no more call.

Nature wears golden smiles, —
It is her harvest time,
Though some days are so drear,
Rain-bells do merry chime!

Nature wears golden smiles, —
In stream, some rift of blue
Does bring us content, now,
Always, our God is true.

THE PEOPLE YOU MEET

Some people seem to cavil,
At all things seem to sneer,
Some meet you rather surly,
While some you can but fear.

Some ne'er give cheerful greeting,
Life is all work, not play;
While others are so joyful,
You'd think t'was holiday.

Some are so very genial,
While others "cut and dried,"
Some pass you very humbly,
And some are puffed with pride.

Some pass you, Oh! so stately,
You grow exceedingly small;
You're smallest of all praties,
They are so very tall.

Some have keen sense of humor,
Are brimming o'er with fun;
The children and the youthful,
Are laughing, every one!

Some pass you, Oh! so sadly,
They've drunk of sorrow's cup;
Some pass you, oh! so full of care,
They scarcely can look up!

Some are like rose in beauty,
Others like lily pure ;
Still others like the oak tree,
Strong to life's storms endure.

One deprecates the meeting,
You wish you were at home ;
Another is so pleasant,
You would a mile now roam.

Some meet with look of hatred,
It may be near church dome,
While others smile on you, so sweet,
You are indeed welcome !

You think a south wind's blowing,
Some are so courteous, kind,
While others pass so very cold,
You say, well, never mind !

Some pass you very stiffly,
No place for smiles on street,
You're only one of many,
They've scarcely time to greet.

Some pass you absent-minded,
And some must ever stare,
Some seem so cruel-hearted,
Ah, no ! we will not care.

Some e'er atone for others,
For treacherous foe, dear friend ;
As you must walk your life path,
Oft must it lonely wend.

For some ne'er fail to see you,
Though stormy may be day;
It is the friendly greetings,
That help us on life's way.

A LEGEND OF THE CISTERCIAN MONKS

"Ave Maria," said the monk,
All he knew of pious lore,
"Ave Maria" day by day,
For he could repeat no more.

Stupid monk, the others thought,
But ne'er chid him, for 'twas plain,
Many more words, he would say,
(If he could but learn them), fain!

"Ave Maria" when he died,
From his grave, a lily grew,
Waved a blossom of pure gold,
For the monk so simple, true.

"Ave Maria," on ev'ry leaf,
Words written for faith and love,
Of the one so dull of mind,
Yet whose soul did upward move.

LONELY — UNLOVED

Lonely, unloved, what tongue or pen,
Can bring to her, her youth again,
The bow of promise faded quite,
No dream of orange blooms and white.

"Life's dream," we say, "A thing of past,
Life's light, so sunny could not last,
She dwells in gloom, her fault," we say;
"She might have had life's perfect day."

Or else we think, "Poor shrivelled bud,
That ne'er as rose, do sun-beams flood;
No rains and dews can freshen red,
Unlovely e'er, for she's not wed."

Lonely, unloved, we say indeed,
For stricter truth, her face doth plead,
May have of love, the larger share,
Though knowing not wife's children's care.

Still flowers may in her path-way bloom,
May brighten life on way to tomb,
She will for others roses strew,
Though youth's lilies unfed with dew.

Lonely, unloved 'twas Mar's decree,
That she should never wedded be,
Her hero went and fought and died,
'Neath red, white, blue, a nation's pride.

Lonely, unloved, still larger place,
She has for all, for love must grace
A woman's lot, a woman's aim,
A woman still, not just in name.

Lonely, unloved, heart still her own,
Those who know not, may call it stone;
Sweet fancies still must bloom as flowers,
A maiden still, in golden hours.

Lover returns mid twilight gloom,
And joy makes all garlands bloom,
A bride in white, she stands with him,
And stars look in while shadows dim.

Though prejudice may whisper ill,
We'll turn away, cling to it still,
No woman's heart is desert-land,
But by the mildest zephyrs fanned.

Good things must grow, of blossoms, fruit,
In spite of old maids' bad repute,
For woman seems so near to Heaven,
Some moral beauty e'er must leaven.

Lonely, unloved, yet no more sigh,
For vision broadens if faith's sky,
Duty to world takes sterner voice,
In her behests, she must rejoice.

Lonely, unloved! a mission kind,
To other friendless ones may find,
Like angel-helper she may come,
To sweeten life and heart and home.

Lonely, unloved, but loving all,
Her Christ, the most, whose loving call,
Will make all right, at last, bright sun
Of love will shine for every one.

Where Cupid can play pranks no more,
All hearts as one, on golden shore,
No links are broken, but all meet,
As angels love in golden street.

APRIL'S BLUE AND GRAY

Like two armies eager
E'er to win the fray.
First the sun, then rain-drops
April's blue and gray.

Who will gain in battle?
Who will win the day?
Blue and sunbeams, ~~think~~ you,
Or the ~~cloudings~~ gray?

Both will win in conflict,
Make a greener way,
Bring spring bloom, yea, summer
Friendly blue and gray.

FLOWER-APHORISMS

The fairest rose is a human flower,
That blooms for years in home's sweet bower.

Youth's pure, white lily has heart of gold,
This pureness, love, did Heaven infold!

The pink of perfection, carnation flower,
That glows so bright in summer's hour!

Gay Balsams dance in the wind,
So time to dance for human-kind!

O Bachelor-buttons, blue, white, pink
With lost home-joys, you must link!

Wave poppy-flags of red, and white
For a whole summer's delight!

O Myrtle fair for time of gloom,
Blue flower of faith for tomb!

Ye Apple-blooms now tempt to stray,
Into a pleasant pink-white way,
As what you promised, in Eve's day!

Glowing like autumn-leaves so bright
In reds and golds, perfect to sight,
All blessings brighten as they pass,
Flower-mirror, for time's glass!

Blue Violets of May
Pave sapphire for June's way!

Fate's flower, the Daffodil,
Brings gold from flower-till,
And calls Persephone,
But, find Anemone,
Hope's bloom, and hope at will!

(For last) I refer reader to Jean Ingelow's
poem, "Light and Shade."

TIGER LILIES

Fair, red bells that never ring,
Only as the wild birds sing,
Songs that vibrant, they might bring,
Tiger Lilies!

Fair, red bells that never speak,
Only as glad, zephyrs seek,
Place to whisper, freckled cheek,
Tiger Lilies!

Fair, red bells, that only wave,
In the wind, and jewelled have,
Silver from the storms, they brave,
Tiger Lilies!

Fair, red bells with shades of gold,
That the sun gave, that thus hold,
New beams not in flower-mold,
Tiger Lilies!

Fair, red bells that gleam for all,
Mid wood-ferns where robins call,
Till withered, doth amber fall,
Tiger Lilies!

SUN-FLOWERS

Discs of black and fringes gold,
High 'bove all, like summers old,
Sun-flowers, with faces bold,
Yellow sun-flowers!

By some holly-hocks in pink,
With the red and white, too link,
Just like little suns, we think,
Yellow sun-flowers!

Like the marigolds, their light,
Golden like the stars of night.
Like our fancies warm and bright,
Yellow sun-flowers!

To a golden glory born,
Sun-flowers in fields of corn,
Without them, places forlorn,
 Yellow sun-flowers!

In the storm-wind sweeping low,
To the asters bend and bow,
To gay balsams in a row,
 Yellow sun-flowers!

Humble flowers towering high,
Seeming to greet turquoise sky,
To be sun-beams, vainly try,
 Yellow sun-flowers!

Yet, each honest face, we love,
For dear messengers, they prove,
As toward sun, they daily move,
 Yellow sun-flowers!

Framing clovers, turning brown,
Daisies white with thistle-down,
Like some village time-piece crown,
 Yellow sun-flowers!

Fringes gold in breezes wave,
Rain-drops o'er them sing and lave,
With the leaves, they drop in grave,
 Yellow sun-flowers!

A PINK-WHITE GLORY OF CLOVER

A pink-white glory of clover,
Linking with summer's light,
A patch-work gay, all nectar,
Makes hills and valleys bright.

A pink-white glory of clover,
Comes in the rose-set June;
When the sky above is bluest,
The world with joy a-tune.

A pink-white glory of clover,
Out-lasting summer flowers;
The roses, blooming and fading,
To autumn's chill, dark hours.

A pink-white glory of clover,
Going only with the leaves;
With the fall of the maple's crimson,
The binding of the sheaves.

WHITE LILIES

O flowers to us given,
Revealing blooms of Heaven,
Pure, sweet, this earth to leaven,
White lilies!

Flowers shaped like bells that ring,
To us, the glad tidings bring,
Of Christ risen, Lord and King,
White lilies!

Fair types of saintliness,
We do your coming bless,
In your face, sin confess,
White lilies!

We would find the angel hid,
'Neath each white lily-lid,
That to Christ-like works would bid,
White lilies!

We would touch each heart of gold,
Held so bright, in white, pure, fold,
Of Christ's love, tell story old,
White lilies!

THE ROSES OF THE YEAR

They bloom in June, so sweet and fair
And later, too, some, fragrance bear,
But autumn scarce a rose does share,
We sigh for roses gone!

With all lost joys, they'll bloom once more,
We'll find them, touching golden shore,
Roses of past, we're dreaming o'er,
So sweet for Heaven's morn!

For dead leaves only cover them,
Their memory do brightly gem,
Their crimson, seeming June's rose-gleam,
While neither rose nor thorn!

THE FRIENDLY HOLLY-HOCKS

Tall, fair, in garden-nook,
They meet with friendly look,
The comradeship of brook,
O crimson holly-hocks!

Not altogether sad,
Can I be so winsome, glad,
Their faces greet, as clad,
In pink, my holly-hocks!

In tint of sun, I find,
A path-way with them lined,
My friends that nod in wind,
Dear yellow holly-hocks!

While prettiest of all,
Mid the gay tints of fall,
See, smiling by the wall,
In white, loved holly-hocks!

WHEN FIELDS SHOW HARVEST GOLD

Come, pluck a flower amid the wheat,
Come, smell this last rose, 'tis so sweet;
See, blue skies smiling; bend to greet,
When fields show harvest-gold!

Come, sing a song 'mid barley brown,
The reaper's note you cannot drown,
The rain-bells too are clashing down,
When fields show harvest-gold!

Come, brush the dew from aster bright,
The golden-rod the path doth light;
The moon doth whiten all at night,
When fields show harvest-gold!

SWEET PEAS

Though many a lovely tinted bell,
There's scarce a flower loved so well,
Each one will you of sweet peas tell,
Their dear, sweet peas! their fair sweet peas!

So, as you go, see, streaming bright,
The famed sweet peas in pink and white,
Their pennons waving left and right,
Dearest sweet peas! fairest sweet peas!

In colors like the flag, these flowers,
Make happy world, through summer hours,
Adding their smile to greenest bowers,
Our dear sweet peas! Our fair sweet peas!

The pink and white with purples come,
Seem types indeed of joys of home,
Of hope and love where'er you roam,
The very dear sweet peas! The very fair sweet
peas!

Like butter flies, you say, and pass,
Then dream of rose-cheeked country lass,
A rain-bow, they through time's white glass,
Best of all flowers sweet peas! Sought of all
blooms, sweet peas!

WHITE ROSES

Like angels in the morning,
When the sun's first rays of gold,
Come slanting thro' the door-way,
To sing God's praises bold,
As they nod to us, "good day,"
Seem white roses!

Like children in the nooning,
When the day is farther spent,
And they peer into our window,
To be life's joy's lent
Sweet faces now, in row,
Seem white roses!

Like phantoms in the evening,
When the wind doth tap our pane,
And back and forth they're swaying,
While falleth fast, the rain,
The drops, a weird tune, playing,
Seem white roses!

WILD FIELD BUTTER-CUPS

Now sway in wind, their chalices,
So very golden, fair,
And silver too, by right of dew,
That comes with morning air,
The wild field butter-cups!

Now sway in wind, their chalices,
We think of sun-beams cleft,
Now straying here, for bright and clear,
They're waving right and left,
The wild field butter-cups!

Now sway in wind, their chalices,
Did they from rainbow fall,
To offer gold, in flower-mold,*
To seekers one and all?
O wild field butter-cups!

THE RED ROSE

(The Patriots' Call)

The red rose gloweth in your dreams,
By night and through the day,
Where'er you go, that red rose smiles,
With all a flower's lovely wiles,
Doth call you to the fray!

*Legend.

The red rose gloweth, as a prize,
Shadowed in banner fair,
Of stars and stripes floating above,
Bright emblem of a patriot's love,
This rose doth standard bear!

O fair, red rose that calleth on,
To deeds of bravery,
Each petal is a hero's life,
That helped to end some deadly strife,
O flower of liberty!

The red rose in an angel's hand,
Doth claim its purity,
Transformed so fast by lily wand,
For truth must reign in free, free land,
O bond of charity!

The red rose calls to Holy War,
O youth of patriot fire,
The crusade 'gainst injustice, wrong,
As in the days of slavery long,
When fought so well, your sire!

DAISIES IN THE RAIN

Daisies nodding in the silver,
Of the drops that fall,
Swaying in the wind that passes,
To the robin's call!

Daisies peering, looking upward,
As with thankful smile,
For the rain that damps their gold-white,
With a note of song, the while!

Daisies all, the gladness seeking,
Of the silver making din,
Plash of drops, that tell of daisies,
How they all the flowers win!

Daisies in the sullen shadows,
Of the storm that's quickly over,
Brushing diamond tears from fringes,
On to rose and clover!

CROCUS, PURPLE AND GOLDEN

Crocus, purple and golden,
Crocus, smiling in white,
A fringe of blossom-glory,
That makes April bright.

Crocus, yellow and purple,
And with the white in midst,
Like crystal flakes 'mid blossoms
Of spring's gold, amethyst.

SCARLET POPPIES

Scarlet poppies flaming bright,
In the breeze sway left and right,
When dews fall, they close at night,
Scarlet poppies!

Scarlet poppies 'mid the corn,
Each one seems a reaper born.
As fair ladies noon and morn,
Scarlet poppies!

Scarlet poppies in the sun,
Smiling, nodding, every one,
Silky texture, their robes spun,
Scarlet poppies!

Scarlet poppies in the rain,
That they're spoiled is very plain,
Of their flower-ropes once so vain.
Scarlet poppies!

THE BLUE FLOWER (HAPPINESS)

I have roved o'er hill, journeyed thro' plain,
I have tried each valley once again,
I have sought, have sought far, near, in vain,
For the blue flower!

I have asked all friends, e'en the little child,
If they e'er saw it growing wild,
They said, "We wish for it," and smiled,
For the blue flower!

I have been on this quest for many a year,
For this something to all mortals dear,
Not finding have shed many a tear,
For the blue flower!

I have gazed at the sky, to it a bride,
Have said, "It blooms on the farther side,
For no place is there in this world wide,
For the blue flower!"

If only my blue violets could speak,
Azure lark-spur of this bloom unique,
Could tell me where indeed to seek,
For the blue flower!

Could I but find it, I would keep,
Would guard it well, but joy reap;
Not finding it, I scarce can sleep,
For the blue flower!

'Tis growing by your very door,
Hope's angel says, "I do implore,
That you look farther, never more,"
For the blue flower!

MORNING-GLORIES

They clambered up my lattice,
Unfolding, one by one —
The pink-hued at the dawning,
With the blue at rise of sun;
And white so pure too gleaming
Mid pointed leaves of green —
All in a shimmering net-work,
Of dew and the sunbeam's sheen.

They clambered up my lattice,
Flowers of one brief morn —
Not queenly like the roses,
But yet without a thorn;
New blossoms in beauty opening,
With every break of day;
In response to the sun's glad kisses,
And the rain-drops silvr'y play.

They clambered up my lattice,
Like the dear old flag their hues;
When the birds sung morning carols —
The reds, whites, with the blues.

Sometimes in a storm their petals,
By cruel winds were frayed;
They were tattered like the old flag,
Like it did their colors fade.

But fresh and whole at the dawning,
New banners waving fair
Were my pretty flower-trumpets —
Types in the sunshine, there,
Of the love, hope, and trust up-springing
In each patriot heart anew;
At ev'ry dawning of the day,
To God and his country true.

OUR FRIEND, THE DANDELION

Though other flowers forsake,
With spring do fail to wake
Life's gloom, its gold doth break,
Our friend, the dandelion!

With robin e'er returns,
Its gold by way side burns,
As heart for joy yearns,
Our friend, the dandelion!

Like one doth make a way,
To charm with fitful play
In blooms so yellow, gay,
Our friend, the dandelion!

Yet shineth to allure,
Love's strand from Heaven pure,
Mid hope's green, golden, sure,
Our friend, the dandelion!

FORGET-ME-NOTS

By silv'ry brook with dash and song,
Some tiny flowers grow —
As blue as bluest summer's sky,
Forget-me-nots there blow.

Forget-me-nots in season bloom,
For lovers' tryst and tale,
No more than roses in the wood
Do these fair blossoms fail,

Nor I in memory fail to keep
Some sweet words of the past,
Some flow'rs of mem'ry ever blue,
Forget-me-nots that last.

They bloomed for me when two slow walked
By this brook gladly singing,
And type of fair days yet to come,
Forget-me-nots home bringing.

THE OLD-TIME LILAC FLOWER

Something fair and sweet in air,
Smiling says, "Do not despair,"
A bush doth royal censers bear,
The old-time lilac flower!

Waving 'neath May's skies of blue,
Quite appeals to me and you,
Now youth's brightness doth renew,
The old-time lilac flower!

Past doth gleam upon our lot,
Life's page white, without a blot,
Lost in faith's forget-me-not,
The old-time lilac flower !

Blossoms once by grandma's door,
Purple as in days of yore,
Tree like the first, that blossoms bore,
The old-time lilac flower !

